

# Adair County News

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## OIL AND GAS

### Adair-Cumberland-Russell Counties, Ky.

(By E. T. KEMPER)

The tri-county territory, embracing the counties of Adair, Cumberland and Russell, Ky., is now receiving so much attention from Oil and Gas people in all parts of the country that I deem it an opportune time to give in detail such information regarding this section as will be helpful to all parties interested, thereby assisting them in arriving at definite conclusions as to the advisability of spending their time and money in developing the territory.

Columbia, the county-seat of Adair County, a substantial and flourishing town of nearly two thousand inhabitants, is the natural headquarters for, and gateway to, the tri-county territory. Its location is a little less than seventy miles on an air line south and slightly east of Louisville, and is reached by rail to Campbellsville, on the L. & N. Railway system, and thence by auto twenty miles over a good macadamized road over which the largest touring cars, trucks, etc., travel with ease. By auto from Louisville the route is over good roads thru Bardstown, Springfield, Lebanon and Campbellsville; from Cincinnati and the bluegrass section of Kentucky, over the noted pikes of that section via Lexington, Danville, Perryville, and Springfield, and thence over the same route as from Louisville. Passengers are transported promptly, rapidly, comfortably and at reasonable rates between Campbellsville and Columbia by a line of autos meeting all trains. Daily mails are received and dispatched with regularity, and freight and express matter is received and forwarded promptly by fast trucks. Columbia has first-class hotel accommodations, and telegraph and long distance telephone connection.

#### Oil and Gas Offices and Representatives in Columbia.

That Columbia is becoming an Oil and Gas center is evidenced by the fact that so many parties connected with the development of the territory are already located here, and more are coming at an early date. Among those maintaining offices here, are Richardson and Goff, operators, contractors and dealers in leases; O. C. Fink, contractor and dealer; and agent for Armstrong drilling machinery; the Kemper Company, making a specialty of acreage; the Palmer Oil & Gas Company, operators formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, managed in person by Mr. Geo. H. Palmer, president; one large operating concern from Cincinnati, name omitted by request, with general headquarters here for field operations;

the Ginter Brokerage Company, managed by S. L. Ginter, operators and dealers.

Among those making headquarters here are Mr. J. B. Doolittle, Worcester, New York, one of the prominent operators of the country; Mr. Bee Whitis, formerly field manager of the Carnahan Oil Company, Canton, Ohio, now operating independently.

#### History of Adair County Development.

No real systematic development for Oil and Gas has been done in the county until within the past few months, but several "strikes" have been made thru what might be termed accident. In years of long ago, beginning back in the sixties, a number of shallow wells were sunk in the county to secure supplies of salt, and in many instances Oil and Gas were found in small quantities, but the only wells of consequence reported at that time, a little over fifty years ago, were one drilled on the east side of town near the old fair grounds, which was reported to have been a "gusher"; one on the Mose Campbell farm in the southern part of the county on what is known as Harrod's Fork of Crocus Creek; this well was reported as "extra good", and Oil was secured from it as late as 1907, at which time the flow became obstructed by overflows from the creek; the Moss well, near Gradyville, was drilled in about the same time, with a very superior grade of Oil which tested 55 gravity. Oil can still be obtained from this well; two wells on the Matthew Armstrong farm, located in the southern part of the county on Crocus Creek, near the mouth of Harrod's Fork. These latter wells were reported to have been good ones, one of them flowing for quite a period. Nothing more in the line of development was reported for over thirty years, when in 1902 a well was drilled just outside of Columbia on the Conover farm, located on the Burkesville road and Pettis Fork Creek, where a good flow of Gas was encountered at a depth of something near 700 feet. The well, after being on fire for some time was finally plugged and abandoned, and notwithstanding it has been filled with mud and rocks for years Gas still escapes from it to such an extent that it can be lighted at any time. The next period of the suspension of the development work covered sixteen years, when in 1918 a well was drilled on the Jeffries farm, located a little less than two miles southeast of Columbia. A fine sand was encountered at a depth of 600 feet, and a good show of Oil was found; in the

same year two good Gas wells were brought in on the Hadley farm in the extreme southern part of the county.

While the results named above were not of a very substantial nature, still enough information was secured to warrant the expenditure of time and money in development work, and within the past few months an aggressive drilling campaign has been inaugurated and is being prosecuted very systematically and intelligently. The operators who are now engaged in development work in the county, are: The Roy Petroleum Company, of Covington, Ky.; G. A. Roy, president and general manager, drilling on the John Rector farm, Damron's Creek, seventeen miles northeast of Columbia; The Palmer Oil & Gas Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, Geo. H. Palmer, president and general manager, drilling on the J. S. Royce farm, two miles east of town; the Columbia Development Company, Fink & Heilman, drilling on the Bob Rowe farm, just north of the corporate limits of town; J. B. Doolittle, Worcester, New York, drilling on the Geo. Powell farm located on Cedar Creek, near Joppa post-office, six miles southeast of town. All of these operations are progressing as fast as existing conditions will permit, and some very fine formations are being encountered; also, some good showings of both Oil and Gas have been found in the shallow sands, but deeper drilling is being done to fully test the lower sands, these being held by geologists who have made surveys of this section as promising better returns than the shallow sands. During the past summer the Carnahan Oil Company, Canton, Ohio, drilled a well on the E. G. Flowers farm, near Zion Church, four miles southeast of town, to a depth of about 800 feet to the pencil cave formation, but could go no further on account of having exhausted the capacity of the drilling rig. This well was left so that it can be completed later on. At a depth of something over 200 feet a good flow of Gas was encountered, and the supply has been piped to a near by farm house where it is being utilized for heating purposes. At this writing no wells have been completed by the concerns referred to above, but the operations are being pushed to the limit, "double towers" being run in some instances, very encouraging formations are being encountered, and good shows of both Oil and Gas have already been found. The general supposition is that it will require a little deeper drilling for the best results in Adair county, than is found necessary in some other near by sections, but it is believed that the sands found here will be both more productive and more lasting than the shallow sands of other fields. The Palmer Oil & Gas Company expect to install an up-to-the-minute Standard rig on a location near Columbia, at an early date, which will enable them to go to the lower sands and make a complete and intelligent test of the field.

#### Cumberland County Development.

The first real Oil well ever recorded in Cumberland was the "Old American" or Burkesville Well, drilled in the year 1829, to a depth of 171 feet, on Renox creek, a short distance from where it empties into Cumberland River, some three miles north-east of Burkesville. This well was purely an "accident", as the drillers were looking and drilling for salt, using a very primitive drilling outfit, consisting of a treadle and sweep pole. Reliable reports, including the U. S. Census of 1880, credit this well with having flowed fully 50,000 barrels before being put under pump. The Oil from this well ran down the creek and into the Cumberland River in such quantities that the water was coated with Oil for a distance of forty miles, and catching on fire it presented the unusual sight of a "burning river" which extended for miles, and which created intense excitement among the natives. Such was the beginning of the Oil business in Cumberland.

Nothing further in the drilling of wells is authentically reported until the year 1865, when a "gusher" was reported from Biggerstaff's Bottom, but of which nothing authentic is known, followed by the English well. The latter was located near the mouth of Crocus Creek, a short distance from Bakerton, on the Cumberland River. This well was 190 feet deep, and it was reported producing 1200 barrels daily for a period. Just how long it continued to be such a wonderful producer is not known, but ten years later it was predicted with a daily production of 40 to 50 barrels. Other good wells reported along in the sixties were—the Strange well, in the north center of the county, on Renox Creek, which flowed a large quantity of a very superior grade of Amber Oil—depth unknown; the Ebbert well on the Collins farm, located in the north east section of the county, 270 feet in depth and credited with a daily production of 1200 barrels; the old Sherman well 276 feet deep, located on the Butler farm, on the north side of Cumberland River, near Cloyd's Landing, a few miles south-west of Burkesville, credited with a daily production of 250 barrels; the Matthews well, located in the extreme north-eastern part of the county, on Sand Lick Creek, and near the Russell county line, 267 feet in depth and credited as a flowing well, producing a fine grade of Oil of 42 gravity. A number of smaller Oil wells were brought in about this time, most of them being of a shallow depth and occasionally a good flow of Gas was encountered, but no attention was paid to the latter as it was considered worthless at that time.

Over thirty years elapsed before another systematic drilling campaign was inaugurated in Cumberland, and then in the period from 1900-1903 a goodly number of wells were reported, some of them showing up unusually fine as producers. Among some of the more promising ones

were such wells as—one on Oil Island, in the Cumberland River, opposite Salt Lick Bend, where the "Old Burning Well" was located, rated at 250 barrels daily; the J. E. Taylor well, located on the north side of the River some three miles south-west of Burkesville, near the mouth of Marrowbone creek, 248 feet deep and credited with a daily production of 700 barrels; the Potts well in Irish Bottom, flowing freely for quite a period, 720 feet in depth; and then the "Old Burning Well", fully described and illustrated by special notice and cut appearing elsewhere in this issue. Some good "Gassers" were also struck during this period, but nothing ever came of them, for the reason as stated above.

The outlook for production was so encouraging that the Cumberland Pipe Line Company proceeded to build, and completed, a four inch extension from Wayne county, a distance of forty miles. In the latter part of the year 1903 the price of crude Oil was down to sixty cents per barrel, delivered at Somerset, and it was costing the operators not less than thirty cents per barrel to produce it; also about this time immense fields were being discovered in the great southwest, and the men who were developing the Cumberland field became infected with the "Western fever" so it was not long until the territory was practically abandoned. After the abandonment of the field by the operators, the pipe line was a "dead number", but the Cumberland Company let it lie unused for a few years, and it would probably be there today had it not been for the arbitrary and excessive assessment levied against them for taxation by the counties of Clinton and Cumberland. With no income on the line at the time, and no immediate encouragement for the future, they figured it would be cheaper in the end for them to remove the line and rebuild again when production in the field warranted the expense. Cumberland county is still without a pipe line, but more than one company or corporation are investigating the situation at present with a view to building a line to the fields on both sides of Cumberland River, and extending for several miles along that stream. Several good wells have recently been drilled in along the river—see further mention of these later on in this article—and production is ready for the market to such an extent that in advance of pipe line facilities operators will be compelled to resort to the old-fashioned, crude way of shipping by barges either up the river to Burnside on the Southern Railway, or to Nashville where they will come in touch with refineries and the open market.

The Cumberland field was practically ignored for a period of some fifteen years, following removal of the pipe line from the county. The years of 1918 and 1919 saw a slight revival of interest being shown in the field, but it was not until 1920 that active operations were revived to the extent of creating more than

passing interest, and the close of the year finds a number of good concerns operating in full blast. Among the principal ones are—The Southern Oil & Refining Co., Denver Col., Dr. Frank D. Hines, president, operating on the Russ Gilbert farm, located on Brush creek, south side of Cumberland River near Bakerton. They have already brought in four fine wells at depths varying from 165 to 190 feet, and they have contracted for the drilling of six additional wells on the same farm. Three of the completed wells flowed for several days, and they bid fair to be good producers. Wells are now equipped for pumping, tanks are in position, and the marketing of the product will begin soon. Richardson & Goff, contractors of Columbia, are in charge of drilling operations. Kash, Rice & Kash, Frankfort and Lexington, Ky., are drilling on the Jake Radford farm, which adjoins the Gilbert farm on the east. The Daniel Boone Oil Company, Lexington, are actively engaged in drilling at a point south of Burkesville, near Peytonsburg. Dr. Lang and associates, of New York City, are drilling on the Bud Huddleston farm, Bear Creek, some five miles south-east of Burkesville. The Body Oil Company, of Philadelphia, are pounding away in Salt Lick Bend, near where the famous "Burning Well" was drilled in 1902. This covers the real active operations in the county at the present time, but the next few months will no doubt witness many new concerns at work in the field, among them being operators from Oklahoma and Texas, who have already expressed their intention of coming at no distant date.

#### Russell County Development.

The first Oil wells reported in Russell County were drilled in the year 1868 when a group of four wells were brought in on the south side of Cumberland River, about one mile from Creelsboro, and near the Clinton county line. These wells came in at a little less than 300 feet in depth, and all of them were reported as "Good Wells". The best of the group was the famous "Old Gabbert Well". Some accounts state that there were two of the Gabbert wells, estimated at sixty barrels per day production. Soon after the wells were drilled in, parties owning them erected a refinery and undertook to ship the product to Nashville, Tenn., using barges and rafts, but Oil was then only bringing fifty cents per barrel, and the venture proved so unprofitable that the wells were plugged and the operations ceased at that point. About the same time two wells were drilled in the eastern part of the county, one of them on a prong of Wolf Creek, to a depth of 600 and 800 feet respectively, and both were credited with a "Considerable amount" of a fine grade Oil. About the years 1900-1902 some six or seven additional wells were drilled in the county, three of them being near the town of Creelsboro, on the north side of Cumberland river, and they were credited

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## The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

by GRACE MILLER WHITE

A New Romance of the Storm Country

### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Lonely and almost friendless, Tonnibel Devon, living on a canal boat, child of a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley.

**CHAPTER II.**—Uriah Devon, Tony's father, returns to the boat from a protracted "spree," and announces he has arranged for Tony to marry a worthless companion of his, Reginald Brown. Mrs. Devon objects, and Uriah beats her. She intimates there is a secret connected with Tonnibel.

**CHAPTER III.**—In clothes that Uriah has brought Tony finds a baby's picture with a notification of a reward for its return to a Doctor Pendlehaven. She goes to return the picture.

**CHAPTER IV.**—With the Pendlehavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her son and daughter, Katherine Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is deeply in love with Philip MacCauley.

**CHAPTER V.**—Tonnibel returns the picture to Doctor John, and learns it belongs to his brother, Dr. Paul Pendlehaven. It is a portrait of Doctor Paul's child, who had been stolen in her infancy, and her loss has wrecked Doctor Paul's life. Doctor John goes with Tony to the canal boat and ministers to Mrs. Devon while she is unconscious.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Returning to consciousness, Mrs. Devon is informed by Tony of her visitor. She is deeply agitated, makes Tony swear she will never tell of her brutality, and disappears.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Tony's personality and her loneliness appeal to Doctor John and he arranges to take her into his house as a companion to his invalid brother.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" asked the girl.

"I think your Cousin John's gone mad," said Mrs. Curtis, beginning to cry. "He's brought a ragged girl into the house to stay, a girl with bare feet, and enough hair for three people. From what I could gather she's going to stay over with Paul. And John insisted on my going with him to buy these. Think of a poor nobody dressed up like a horse."

Katherine looked at her keenly. "I suppose you served Cousin John a deep-seated spell of hysterics, didn't you, when he popped the girl in on you?" she demanded.

"I did my best," admitted Mrs. Curtis, sniffing.

"Men get surfeited to women's tears, mamma darling," said the all-wise Katherine. "If I wanted to make any impression on him, I'd leave off howling every minute or two. And you don't look pretty when your nose is red. Who is the gutter rat?"

"I'm sure I don't know. She's got a queer name, and I asked her about herself, and she looked as sulky as could be."

"Leave it to me—" began Katherine. Just then the door swung open, and there appeared before Katherine Curtis a girl who made her breath almost stop with surprise. A very young girl, too, the gazer caught at a glance. Abundant curls hung about one of the most beautiful faces Katherine had ever seen. Her mother hadn't told her the girl was so pretty. She felt a nervousness come over her when she thought of Philip MacCauley.

In silence Tonnibel donned her new clothes, and when she stood up to be inspected, Mrs. Curtis scowled at her. "Go show Doctor John," she said. "He told me to send you right down to him."

Tonnibel was glad to escape. Katherine hadn't said a word to her, but both girls had eyed each other appraisingly, and Katherine suddenly came to a resolution, which she made known to her mother the moment they were alone.

"She can't stay in this house," she said between her teeth.

Mrs. Curtis laughed sarcastically. "See what you can do with your cousin, then," she snapped. "I did my best with John, and he positively refused to let me go to Paul! As much as told me it was none of my business."

"I won't cry when I talk to him," said the girl. "I'll speak my mind outright. I'll make the house too hot to hold her. I think I know how to put one over on our philanthropic cousins."

When Tonnibel came into the office that evening to ask a very important question of Doctor Pendlehaven, he said to her:

"My dear, I want you always to remember what I am going to tell you now. This house belongs to my brother and me. I do not wish you to take orders from anyone but us."

Tony gazed at him a moment, not understanding at first. Then her lips widened.

"That means if anyone says I've got to hike back to the canal boat, I don't go unless one of you tells me to," she demanded. "Is that it?"

The doctor laughed.

"Yes, that's it," said he. "Now what do you want of me?"

"Can I go down the lake tomorrow afternoon?" she hesitated and then went on, "I want to see if anyone's home."

"Certainly, dear child, you can," was the answer. "But get back before it's dark; I don't want anything to happen to my little Tony Girl."

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### The Fight.

Little by little Paul Pendlehaven taught her, and little by little Tony's salvation boy preached his lessons of Universal Love to her; and the eager young mind drank in the knowledge as a thirsty plant takes in water.

There were no signs of Uriah and Edith returning, and Tonnibel grew daily more hopeless when she thought of her mother. Perhaps she would never see her again. She had strenuously refused to speak of her people to Paul Pendlehaven.

Doctor John noticed as the days passed how much better his brother was looking, and no wonder his own heart warmed hourly to the curly-headed waif who had come among them so mysteriously.

Unknown to either of the doctors, Mrs. Curtis and her daughter had been able to keep Tony Devon from meeting Philip MacCauley in the house. At first John Pendlehaven had insisted that Tony attend the family table, but both Paul and the girl decided that her meals should be served in the sick room. Perhaps if Philip MacCauley hadn't been interested in a certain little girl on a canal boat, his curiosity would have taken him to Paul's apartments to make the acquaintance of the little companion John Pendlehaven had casually spoken of.

"She's a wonder, Phil," he said one evening. "For the first time I've hopes of Paul's recovery."

"Good!" replied Philip, and immediately fell into a reverie.

Tonnibel had reached the canal boat and had changed to her old clothes when suddenly she heard footsteps on the path beside the Hoghole. Her heart almost leapt out of her mouth. Perhaps her mother was coming home, perhaps her father. Tremblingly she peeped out through the aperture. She drew back instantly. Reginald Brown was approaching the canal boat. She heard him cross the deck, and then the footsteps ceased. She hoped with all her might and main that he wouldn't think of coming downstairs.

But that was exactly what he did do. She crouched up against the bunk, as the boy stepped into the cabin. When he saw her a slow grin spread over his thin face.

"So you're here," he got out thickly. "Where have you been? I've visited this place three times in that many weeks. Where have you been, I say?"

"Go away," she said, half frightened to death. "You'd better get out of here before my mother comes back. She'll beat you with the broom!"

"I'm not afraid of your father or mother," he said tauntingly. "I know where they are."

The words sent Tonnibel forward a step.

"Honest?" she gasped. "Is it honest what you say?"

"Certainly," replied the young man, "and they told me to come here and get you."

"Where are they?" She had come very near him now, her eyes gazing at him wistfully. "Please tell me where my mummy is!"

"Never mind just now," said he, his eyes taking in her slight young figure passionately. "Here, I want to kiss you."

He dragged her forward until her slender, quivering body was pressed against his. He had said he intended to kiss her. All the rebellion of a primitive uneducated nature sprang into life within Tony Devon. The curly head darted upward for a moment, and the gray eyes blazed into the muddy blue ones, leering down upon her. Then, knowing no other way to protect herself from desecration, she set her sharp white teeth into Reggie's hand, sinking them deep beneath his skin. A cry of hurt rage escaped his lips, and he flung her from him.

"You little vixen," he got out, shaking his hand in panic. "You little wicked brat! There! Now I'll teach you to bite me again!"

He sprang at her, and Tony screamed twice with all her lung power. Then something happened! Someone grasped hold of the man who had snatched her into his arms, and for what seemed an interminable time two forms struggled together in the small cabin. For a few seconds Tony didn't realize who Reggie's assailant was; then with a grip at her heart she recognized Philip's white face as with terrible strength he dragged Reggie up the steps.

Into her terrified eyes came one strange flashing smile of welcome. Her salvation man had saved her, and as every woman does in cases where her need is great, she cried out her thanksgiving in his name, that best-

beloved name of Philip. By this time the two men were struggling on the deck, and as if impelled by some unknown force Tony staggered up the steps.

It was just as she reached the top that she saw Captain MacCauley, by one mighty effort, lift the struggling figure of the other man and throw him into the lake. A sharp ejaculation fell from her lips. Never had she seen



Never Had She Seen Such Strength.

such strength, never had her heart sung as it did then. She trembled so that when Philip swung back and rushed toward her, she sank down at his feet. As falls away an old garment so fell away Philip's anger. Tenderly he lifted her up and spoke to her.

"Poor little girl," he whispered. But he had no time to add anything, nor had Tony time to answer him.

For there on the Hoghole path looking at her, a frown dragging his brows together, was her father.

Uriah Devon had halted at the sight of a man being thrown into the water. Then he came forward, and the girl loosened herself from the arms that held her and turned swiftly to him.

"Where's mummy?" she demanded, and again came a sharper "Where's my mother?" Roughly shoving her aside, Uriah walked across the boat deck, his sunken eyes fixed on MacCauley.

"What you mussin' about my boat for, mister?" he demanded. "And what happened to that young feller crawlin' to the beach there?"

"I slung him in the lake," said Philip fiercely. "The pup was—was—" he made a gesture toward Tony as Devon's interruption belched forth:

"Was it any of your business what happened to my girl?"

Uriah took another step toward the young captain.

"That's your canoe, ain't it, roped to my dock?" he demanded fiercely. "Well, hop in and get away if you don't want a broken skull!"

Philip sent a flashing glance to the silent, white girl. There was such terror marked on her face that his teeth came together tensely.

"He can't go till my mother comes," she broke out abruptly. "I won't stay if he don't."

Uriah's hand went back to his hip. "I guess he'll go if I tell 'im to," said he. "Just hop into your boat, kid, before I fill you up to your teeth with little bits of hot lead."

Tonnibel had witnessed scenes like this before. She knew but a tiny pressure of her father's finger on the gun he held would kill her sweetheart.

"Go along," she managed to get out between her chattering teeth. "It'll be worse for both of us if you don't!"

Devon was forcing Philip backward toward the end of the dock, and by this time Reginald had crawled to the shore and had lain down upon it.

"Don't lag, mister," cried Tony to Philip. "Go along to Ithaca."

MacCauley stepped into his canoe, and Devon sullenly unfastened the rope and threw it into the bow of the craft.

"Don't come back here if you don't want a taste of this," he snapped, touching his gun. "Get out and stay out, mister."

With the end of the revolver he gave the canoe a shove, and Tony saw the paddle dip into the water and the boy move away.

Uriah stood a moment and looked off to the hills. Then locking Tony in the cabin he went to where Reggie lay on the shore and helped him back to the boat.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### The Face in the Window.

By ten o'clock a heavy rain and wind had settled over the Storm Country with such force that the waves were rolling southward like ivory-crested mountains. Once in a while a heavy thud of thunder reverberated over the lake from the north, losing its roar back of the Cornell buildings on the university campus.

Devon's canal boat was following the little tug which was hugging the western shore northward. Tonnibel, in the little room back of the cabin, was searching through the darkness from the small window. But the only thing she could see was the dark bank along which they crept and which once in a while was lit up by a vivid streak of lightning.

Suddenly the engine stopped, and as if she imagined Gussie could help her she gathered her into her arms.

In a vivid streak of lightning she saw they were anchored close to Crowbar point, which protected them somewhat from the wind. She

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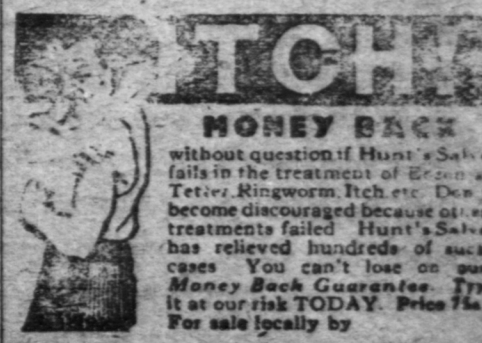
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Continued from Page 2.

crouched low when the little door opened and Uriah called her name.

"Come out here, Tonnibel," he commanded roughly, and Tony, with Gussie in her arms, crept into the cabin, where Reggie was seated on a bunk, looking pale and sullen.

"Set down on the floor, brat," commanded Uriah, and Tonnibel dropped down. "Now listen to me, Tony," went on Devon. "Ever since you've been knee high to a grasshopper you've been as mean as the devil. You always got in behind Ede when she was here, but now there ain't no skirts to shove me off. You hear?"

Every vestige of blood left the wan young face.

"Where is mummy?" she said, lifting imploring eyes to his.

"Dead," said Devon brutally, "as dead as a door nail. Here, my lady, if you holler I'll rap you one on the gob."

"Dead!" cried Tonnibel. "Pop, you're lying to me—I know you are!"

"Have it your own way, kid," replied Uriah, with an insolent laugh, "but one thing's sure—Ede ain't here to buck against me now. What I want to get into your thick noodle is you're goin' to get married as soon as we get to Auburn. See?"

The girl's eyes remained centered on his face, horror deep seated in their gray depths.

"Here's Reggie wantin' to marry you," continued Devon, with a wide wave at the limp young man. "And when I say you've got to I mean it."

"I won't," fell from Tony's lips, but the awful expression on her face didn't change nor did she drop her eyes.

Devon took a quick step toward her, with an upraised arm, and as he had beaten his wife so he laid the blows about the girl's head and shoulders. The pig fell from Tony's arms in her desperate efforts to protect herself.

"Oh, daddy, don't, don't, any more!" she screamed.

Reggie Brown was watching the brutal scene dully as if it interested him but little. At the girl's fearful plea Devon stepped back and glared at her.

"Will you do what I bid you, miss?" he demanded hoarsely. "I'd as soon kill you as take a wink."

Tonnibel made no answer save to weep more wildly, and, because she did not make ready reply, Uriah struck her again. Then suddenly Reginald stood up.

"Don't hit 'er any more, Dev," he drawled. "Shut 'er up a while and keep 'er without grub, and she'll come to time. Give 'er a night to think it over. God, but you've walloped her black and blue as 'tis."

In answer to this Devon picked Tony up and threw her into the back cabin. Then he kicked Gussie over the threshold, slammed the door and locked it.

Philip MacCauley had paddled away from the Dirty Mary with a dull, sick fear for the girl he had had to leave behind. To fight single-handed a drunken man with a gun was foolhardy and would do little Tony no good.

When he reached the corner of the lake he ran his craft ashore and sat for a long time, thinking. Suddenly he saw through the dusk that the canal boat had left its moorings and was moving slowly northward in the teeth of the rising wind. With an ejaculation he shoved off and was out in the boiling surf. Wherever that boat went he decided to go, too.

As he paddled carefully along, he could see the shadows of two men in the glimmer of the little light in the small pilot house. Then Reggie was there with Devon, but where was Tony?

One small window in the canal boat gave forth a dim light. He felt within him that she was there where that light was, alone and suffering. What had she thought of his allowing himself to be forced away from her when she needed him most? His teeth came together sharply. He was no coward, this Philip MacCauley, this captain of the Salvation army.

Suddenly he caught sight of a passing shadow in the cabin, and his heart leapt up within him. 'Twas the shadow of a girl walking up and down. Grimly his teeth set into his under lip and with one deep thrust of the paddle into the water, he sent the canoe heading toward the canal boat. Then it was that a girl's face came to the window.

The canoe almost crashed against the side of the bigger boat as it came sidewise of it, and Philip caught at it



Philip Caught at It Desperately.

desperately. Slowly lifting himself up he thrust his face close to Tony's. She was staring at him blankly as if his ghost had suddenly risen out of the storm-tossed lake.

"Don't do that, darling," he whispered as she drew back in terror. "I'm going to take you away."

Then she realized who it was, and reached out and clutched at him, breathlessly.

"Climb through," undertoned Philip. "Quick, climb through, and when I tell you to drop, do it, but not before."

By holding his body rigidly erect, he managed to keep the canoe upright. Then he waited, but not for long. Almost immediately a girl's bare arm shot through the window. Something wriggled in her clutching fingers. Philip almost lost his hold on the boat as Gussie came against his face. He snatched the pig and dropped it at his feet. Then a pair of bare legs followed and Tony's body began to wriggle through the narrow aperture.

Once or twice Philip muttered an ejaculation as a streak of lightning crossed the sky only to die and leave the water as dark as before. It was taking the girl an interminable time to squeeze herself through that opening. Suddenly her shoulders were through, and she was hanging on by her hands.

Just at that moment the tug ahead became silent, and Philip heard the two men walking back along its roof. They were coming aboard the canal boat, and if— He crushed the canoe nearer, lifted one hand and jerked the hanging figure of the girl away from the window. She flopped face downward into the bottom of the canoe, and Philip left her there limp without a word. Then he let go his hold of the canal boat, and a great wave lifted his slender craft upon its crest and they shot away toward the bank.

It took a shorter time than it takes to tell it for the canoe to reach the shore. Under the overhanging trees where they were shrouded from the wind, Philip turned and looked back. A man's face was thrust through the window which had just yielded up the quiet little figure at his feet. Then two forms appeared upon the stern deck. From the hand of one of the men hung a lantern. Philip remained very still. He knew they could not see him hidden away there in the darkness.

For a long time, through which Tonnibel never moved, Philip waited. The men on the canal boat seemed filled with terror. They ran from one end of it to the other. He heard them calling to and fro, and once in a while an oath escaped from Devon as he screamed his daughter's name loudly.

It was not until he saw one of them climb upon the tug and heard the sudden clang of the engine that the boy took up his paddle and moved slowly along the shore southward, and, as he was going with the wind, Philip made rapid progress toward the head of the lake.

In a little cove he drew the canoe to the shore and, springing out, dragged it its length from the water.

Then he called softly:

"Tony—little Tony."

The girl stirred and lifted her head.

"Yep," she sighed. "I'm here."

"Come out," said Philip, leaning over and taking hold of her arm. "There! Child, don't shake so. You're safe here with me, and I suppose they think you're drowned by this time. Can't you step out, dear?"

She was trembling, so he had to pick her up and lift her out in his arms. Then he carried her under an overhanging rock and placed her on the sand.

Through many sobs and tears, she told him all that had happened on the canal boat, and that her father had said her mother was dead. And so touched was Philip MacCauley, he felt the tears rim his own lashes. For a long time, in fact until the rain ceased to beat upon the rocks and shore, they stayed under cover. Most of the time they were silent, most of the time Philip held the curly head against his breast. When the dawn began to break Tonnibel roused herself.

"I'm goin' away now," she said. "I've got to go to my friends. And I can't tell you just how much I'm thankin' you."

"But if I let you go," protested Philip, "I'll never see you again. Oh, don't do that. Tony, I couldn't stand it now!"

"I couldn't, either," she said under her breath. "I'll be comin' back here to this hole some day."

"When?" asked Philip, eagerly. "Today?"

Tonnibel shook her head.

"Nope," she replied wearily. "I'm dead beat out."

"And I forgot that," cried the boy.

"Tony, darling, will you—will you kiss me before you go?"

Two arms shot out and clasped around his neck. Two eager lips met his in such passionate abandon that for a long time after Tony and Gussie had gone away toward the boulevard Philip MacCauley lay face downward on the shore, the sun peeping at him from the eastern hill.

Paul Pendlehaven lay wide awake in his bed, his sunken eyes filled with darkened sorrow. His brother had stayed with him the most of the night and now sat beside him.

"Will you sleep?" asked Doctor John.

"I'll try," was the response. "I could if I knew where she was."

Doctor John reached over and took his brother's thin hand.

"The morning may bring her back," he said soothingly. "And Paul, old man, if you worry like this, you'll be back where you were four weeks ago."

The invalid sighed heavily.

"I've grown so accustomed to her," he said in excuse, "and somehow since

Subscribe for The News.

Uncle Joe Cannon is now, ending his 44th year in congress, having been elected 23 times. He says he wants to exceed Gladstone's record in the House of Commons, which was 53 years.

Florida's slogan should be "out with cats," and Gov. Catts, her misfit chief executive, should be the first put out.

President Wilson has refused an offer to write an article of his own selection on the ground that no article was worth such an amount, it was learned at the White House. Details of the offer, which was one of many the President has received lately, were not made public.

Continued on Page 6.

# BIG STOCK OF CLOTHING

I am now ready to supply young men, old men and boys with clothing. I have an immense stock and receiving new supplies daily. I can interest you in prices. If you need any thing in this line, call at once.

## SHOES! SHOES!!

My stock of fine shoes for men and boys was selected with care. I bought them right, and they are being sold at the shortest profit.

I can also accommodate ladies and young girls with the latest styles in shoes.

# BUCCIES AND WAGONS.

I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Riding and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH.

It matters not what you need on the farm, I can please you in the article and price.

# WOODSON LEWIS

GREENSBURG,

KENTUCKY.

## THE "OLD RELIABLE" THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

White Haired Alabama Lady Says She Has Seen Medicines Come and Go But The "Old Reliable" Thedford's Black-Draught Came and Stayed.

Dutton, Ala.—In recommending Thedford's Black-Draught to her friends and neighbors here, Mrs. T. F. Parks, a well-known Jackson County lady, said: "I am getting up in years; my head is pretty white. I have seen medicines and remedies come and go but the old reliable came and stayed. I am talking of Black-Draught, a liver medicine we have used for years—one that can be depended upon and one that will do the work."

"Black-Draught will relieve indigestion and constipation if taken right, and I know for I tried it. It is the best thing I have ever found for the full, comfortable

feeling after meals. Sour stomach and sick headache can be relieved by taking Black-Draught. It aids digestion, also assists the liver in throwing off impurities. I am glad to recommend Black-Draught, and do, to my friends and neighbors."

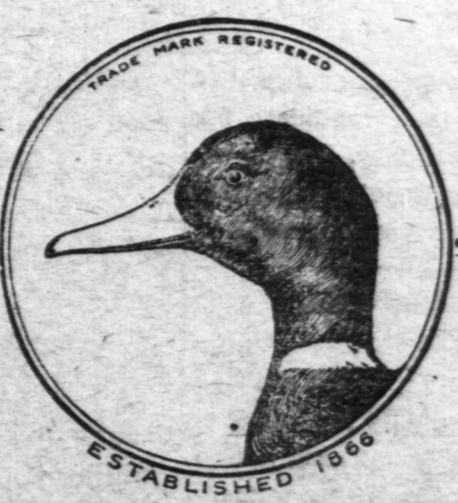
Thedford's Black-Draught is a standard household remedy with a record of over seventy years of successful use. Every one occasionally needs something to help cleanse the system of impurities. Try Black-Draught. Insist upon Thedford's, the genuine.

At all druggists.

## DUCK HEAD UNION MADE OVERALLS

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Duck Head



## Colun-bia Barber Shop

MORAN & LOWE

A Sanitary Shop, where both Satisfaction and Gratification are Guaranteed.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.



# NOTICE TO TOBACCO GROWERS

The warehouse management is as anxious to open the sales floors as the growers are to market their crops. The reason why the house is not open and selling tobacco now, is because of our inability to secure buyers.

The Trust Buyers will not come on the Kentucky markets, either hoghead or loose leaf, before the first of the year.

If you ship your tobacco and sell before the first of the year you will face this condition and quite likely you would be greatly disappointed with the price you would receive.

We will receive Tobacco December 30, and First Sale will be held on

## Thursday January 6th, 1921

We are making all Necessary Arrangements to take care of the tobacco that may come here. We feel that with our Greatly Enlarged Buildings, so much Additional Floor Space, that we can handle all the Tobacco that may be brought here without serious difficulty.

We are assured of a full corps of Buyers, with prospects of a much larger number than ever before.

## The Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Co., Campbellsville, Ky.

INCORPORATED.

### Adair County News

Published On Wednesdays.

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, . . . . . Editor  
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, . . . . . Manager

Democratic newspaper devoted to the interest  
of the City of Columbia and the people of Adair  
and adjoining counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second  
mail matter.

WEDN. JAN. 5. 1921.

Subscription Price: 1st and 2nd Postal Zone  
1.50 per year.  
All Zones beyond 2nd \$2.00 per year.  
A Subscription due and Payable in Advance

#### Announcements.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that  
W. B. Patteson is a candidate for  
Sheriff of Adair county, subject to  
the action of the Republican party,  
expressed at the August primary.

For County Judge

We are authorized to announce Geo.  
T. Herriford a candidate for Judge of  
the Adair County Court, subject to  
the action of the Republican primary  
to be held the first Saturday in August.

Under a call from State Superintendent George Colvin, the county superintendents of the State will meet in Frankfort January 27, 28.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company announce that it will spend \$11,000,000 in Kentucky this year building roads. From reading the article the greater portion of this appropriation will go to Eastern Kentucky.

The Louisville Post says that an extra session of the Legislature will be called if the Republicans think they can put a redistricting bill through. If they are uncertain about having a majority in the Senate, on this particular vote, the extra session will not be called.

There is much speculation just now as to who will go into the Harding Cabinet. Quite a number of gentlemen have been mentioned, but no one knows for certain. The one that seems almost sure of a place is George G. Hawes, of Chicago, who the knowing ones say will be Secretary of the Treasury. It is said that the Secretary of State will come from the East.

Editors of Kentucky had a very pleasant and profitable meeting in Louisville last week. A number of splendid addresses were made in the interest of publishers, and some new resolves made for 1921. We did not attend the meeting for two reasons. First, we did not have the time; second, our evening suit had ink spots on it, and our friends who promised to pay up failed to come in, and for this last reason especially, we could not chin the price.

In this issue of the News Judge G. T. Herriford announces his candidacy for County Judge, subject to the action of the Republican party. A few years ago he served one term in this position, and his record as a County Judge is known throughout the county. He is a firm man, and when it comes to administering justice, he is known

to be a man who will do the right thing between man and man without fear or favor. In other words, should he be nominated and elected, he will be the Judge. He is in favor of public improvements, but he will want to know how the people's money is to be expended before he acts. He is a most excellent citizen and is at all times found upon the right side on all moral questions. He presents his candidacy, hoping that it will be favorably received, and in the meantime he will personally visit the voters of his party later in the canvass.

As a means of checking the illegal whisky traffic in Kentucky a committee of members of the Commonwealth's Attorneys' Association, in session at the Seelbach Hotel, told Gov. Edwin P. Morrow they advocated "a force of thirty-six detectives, appointed by and responsible to the Commonwealth's Attorneys, and interchangeable from one county to another." The committee also told the Governor there were two main obstacles preventing their convicting of more persons whom they knew to be engaged in the traffic. These, the committee stated, were the "apathy of sheriffs to apprehend crime, except when armed with warrants," and the fact that bootleggers are familiar with persons in their counties who might reveal activities of those prosecuting them. Governor Morrow declared he favored the idea, doubting if he had the authority to appoint such a force. The Governor promised the committee that if the Attorney General

finds the law gives the chief executive sufficient power he will include it in the call in the event he decides on a special session of the Legislature. It was suggested the detectives' salaries be fixed at not less than \$2,000 a year.

Bogard, Mo.

Dec. 30th., 1920.

Editor News:

Dear Sir:

As the New Year is drawing nigh thought I had better send in my renewal, as I can not very well do without the good old paper, as it keeps me posted about everything and everybody. I enjoyed reading Mr. Ross' letter to Dr. Miller very much although I never knew Mr. Ross, yet I have known Dr. Miller a long time and had a very pleasant conversation with him while there last summer. I also enjoyed reading my dear Mr. Harris' contribution to the News two weeks ago, all the objection I have to his letters they don't come often enough. If I could write as good newsy letters as he I would come every two weeks any way. In fact I love to read every thing in the paper especially the letters from the former Adair county people, wish more of them would write to the News. We are having some ideal winter weather now. Xmas is passing off nice with lots of Xmas trees and Sunday School treats. Our little town has just gone through with a great revival of religion. Bro. Mood the Baptist preacher here had Rev. Montgomery a Baptist Evangelist from Greenville, South Carolina, to do the

preaching and invited the Cumberland Presbyterian and both Methodist preachers attended. So all worked together in great harmony for two weeks with a result of sixty odd conversions. During the last week the people of Bogard and community around visited the home of the four preachers and left a donation of \$40 to \$50 at each place and at the close of the meeting a purse of \$650 was made up for the Evangelist. So you see everybody in and around Bogard was feeling good when Xmas came. It certainly was a great meeting. During the meeting the people would gather corn in the forenoon and come to church in the afternoon and night. Last week every body was busy butchering hogs and getting ready for Xmas.

Farmers are about through gathering corn and have the best yield for several years, though the price has dropped. As a usual thing Missouri, has good prices but this time it is selling any where from 50 to 75 cts per bushel, Hogs about 9cts, per lb. The Adair county people that are in Carroll county, are generally all well and getting along well. My sister Mrs. Frank Shirley and husband and daughters, Stella and Rose, are visiting my sister, Mrs. Earnheart, Trenton, Tex. I know they will have a good time while there for I spent a few delightful days there in October last. There are three Poultry houses in Bogard. The managers informed me they had bought and shipped nine thousand and rabbits this season, they are paying 10cts each now. They have paid as high as 15cts. We haven't had any snow yet there-

fore the season for hunting rabbits hasn't been as good as usual.

As I don't know any news will close by wishing the news and its many readers a happy and a prosperous New Year.

Most Respt.

Luther M. Wilmore.

#### Tobacco Makes a Good Fertilizer.

Lexington, Ky., Dec.—In view of the current prices of commercial fertilizers and the fact that some grades of tobacco are selling for less than \$2.00 per hundred pounds, Kentucky farmers can profitably use tobacco, especially some of the dark tobaccos for fertilizing purposes, according to a reply made by Prof. George Roberts, head of the Agronomy Department of the State College of Agriculture, in response to numerous inquiries being received from farmers. A ton of tobacco fine enough for distribution would be worth about \$67.50 or \$3.37 a hundred pounds according to calculations made on certain current prices of mixed fertilizers. However, if the tobacco is to be used as a fertilizer it should only be used in connection with acid phosphate was the suggestion of Prof. Roberts.

A ton of tobacco containing the average amount of nitrogen and potash, which is four per cent of the former and six per cent of the latter, when mixed with 1,000 pounds of acid phosphate would make a ton of fertilizer having the following approximate composition: Nitrogen two per cent, phosphoric acid eight per cent potash three per cent. On the basis of certain current mixed fertilizer prices this tobacco mixture fertilizer would be worth about \$50 a ton, according to Prof. Roberts.



WE are Reducing our Prices as they Decline in the Wholesale Markets.

OUR Stocks of Winter Goods are as Complete as Existing Conditions Justify.

RUSSELL & CO.

# STORE OF QUALITY

Men and Boy's Clothing, Hats, Caps etc., Ladies Dress Goods and Notions, shoes and Slippers for Everyone.

CARPETS, RUGS and FURNITURE

Progress Range Stoves

Albin Murray

Columbia, . . . . . Kentucky.

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Next Door to The Adair County New Office.

## PERSONAL

Miss Laura Frazer, of Danville, was a pleasant visitor to Columbia last week. She stopped with Miss Alleene Montgomery. She has a number of relatives in this place.

Messrs. Paul and Preston Williams, of Stillwater, Okla., are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Helena Williams.

Mr. Art Hurt, Dayton, Ohio, visited relatives and friends in Adair county last week.

Mr. Leslie Graves and Mr. T. W. Taylor, Campbellsville, were here a few days since.

Dr. Snyder, Mr. J. H. Hoffman and Mr. T. C. Roberts, of Lexington were at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. T. J. Nolan, Louisville, was at the Jeffries Hotel last Thursday.

Prof. Fletcher M. Green, of the Lindsey-Wilson, who spend the holidays with his home people in Alabama, returned Saturday.

Miss Eva Rhodus, teacher in the Lindsey-Wilson, after spending Christmas with her parents in Taylor county, returned to the institution Saturday.

Miss Helen Beauchamp, who has the primary department in Lindsey-Wilson, spent the holidays with her people in Hopkinsville.

Prof. Albert Bryant left Friday morning for Leesburg, Ala., having accepted the principalship of the school at that place. He is a splendid instructor, and a young man of excellent character.

Mr. Geo. J. Jasper, Russell Springs, was in Columbia a few days since.

Prof. J. L. Creech, Williamsburg, visited in Adair county last week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Murrell were called to Horse Cave last Thursday, to be at the bedside of a sick relative.

Mr. Fred Simpson and wife, Breeding, were in Columbia last Thursday.

Mr. B. J. Bowen, a substantial citizen of Knifley, made a business trip to Columbia last Thursday. He has not missed a copy of the News for 17 years.

Misses Allye Garnett, Thomasine Garnett and Bonnie Judd left the latter part of the week for their respective schools.

Dr. T. H. Curd, of Middlesboro, a former physician of this place, was here last week, visiting relatives.

Mrs. W. E. Bradshaw and son, Edward, Louisville, spent last week with Mrs. Bradshaw's aunt, Mrs. Bettie W. Butler.

Mr. T. Earl Williams made his regular trip to Columbia last week.

Messrs. Thos. Anderson and Henry Russell, of Stanford, were here a few days since.

Mr. T. C. Faulkner, who is surveying a road from Monticello to Albany, spent Christmas week with his family here.

Miss Christine Nell of Gradyville, spent several days of last week with Miss Catherine Nell.

Prof. Azro Hadley, a well-known efficient teacher of this county, has

## Cut Your Butter Bills

# NUCOA

The Original Nut Butter

NUCOA is churned from the sweetest milk—its result is a butter of unsurpassed quality and delicious taste. It is the only butter in the family that is good for the table. Children love it. Grow-up and prefer it.

NUCOA Meets Every Butter Requirement

NUCOA is recommended for cooking or baking 365 days in the year. Keeps its rich, butter-like flavor down to the last pat in both winter and summer. NUCOA—If your grocer hasn't NUCOA send us his name and we'll send you a pound FREE.

American Butter & Cheese Co.

INCORPORATED  
133 E. Jefferson St.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

## FARMERS

Ship your cream to a creamery and use NUCOA at home. There are three advantages in doing this. Cream brings high prices. NUCOA costs less. You save the time and effort of making butter. Many farmers are making a big profit in this manner. Why not you? NUCOA will delight you.

gone to Alabama to teach.

Mrs. Forst Lowe, of Nebraska, arrived a few weeks ago, to be with her husband, who is employed here.

Misses Inez and Ruth Ginter, who spent Christmas with their parents, returned to Berea College a few days ago.

Mr. E. D. Barger, a well-known teacher and an excellent young man of this county, left for the State of Michigan last Saturday where he is engaged to teach.

Miss Jennie McFarland, who is a popular Columbia young lady, left this morning for Indianapolis, where she teaches telegraphy.

Miss Alma McFarland left for the Louisville Conservatory of Music Monday morning.

Miss Irene Smith, after a pleasant visit, returned to her home, Indianapolis, last Sunday.

Mr. Ray Flowers left for his work Clinton county this morning.

Mr. J. G. Eubank was taken quite sick Sunday about dark. Heart inaction was the trouble.

Miss Julia Eubank left this morning for Louisville, in company with Mrs. Rena Montgomery, the latter to undergo an operation.

There is no material change in the condition of Mrs. J. S. Breeding.

Mrs. Jo Rosenfield and Miss Mattie Taylor have returned to Middlesboro.

Miss Agnes Hynes has returned to her school at Nashville. Her brother, Strother, has mumps, and will return to Center College as soon as he is able.

Miss Alleene Montgomery will leave for her school, Danville this morning.

Mr. Hans Blessum and Mr. Moral Shively, of Rugby, N. D., are visiting the latter's father Mr. S. E. Shively. All these parties left this morning, to visit the coal fields in Clay county.

Mr. Geo. Cunningham, who lives with his daughter, Mrs. R. A. Hutchison, near town, has been quite feeble for several days.

Mr. Horace Cundiff, who has been employed in Cincinnati, returned home Saturday night.

Prof. Edgar Royse returned to his school, Boston, the first of the week.

Mr. T. S. Scott, an old newspaper man, now a farmer, near Coburg, made a business trip to Columbia last Monday. He was accompanied to town by

his wife and son, Ed, the latter being in the Lindsey-Wilson.

Mrs. Gordon Cheatham and her two sons, Will and Robert, are visiting Mrs. Cheatham parents at Bakerton.

Josephine Turney, a little daughter of Mrs. J. O. Russell has been quite sick for several days.

Judge Rollin Hurt left for Frankfort Sunday morning.

Miss Essie Phelps, who is employed in Jeffersonville, Ind., spent Christmas at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob O. Myers, of Canton, Ohio, spent Christmas week with Mrs. Myers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Phelps.

## PEPTO-MANGAN WILL HELP FIGHT COLDS?

Make up your Mind to Keep Free From Colds. Get your Blood in Good Condition.

Start Taking Pepto-Mangan.

Now is the Time to Build up. You Will Be Strong This Winter.

Every house has a supply of fuel for winter. People know cold weather is coming. They get ready for it.

How many people get their own bodies ready for winter? Most of us go around all summer in the intense heat burning up energy, working hard all day and sometimes lying a wake nights sleepless in the heat.

Winter comes along. It catches many people totally unprepared physically. Few of us take stock of our health. Whether we will be well, healthy and strong we often leave too much to chance.

But not everybody. Nowadays people are learning. They know this matter of enjoying good health is a thing they can help control. If you live right, eat right, get plenty of sleep, breathe fresh air and keep your blood in good condition, you will be all right.

It is so simple. If you feel a little off in health—perhaps worn out and pale—don't take chances. There's no need of it. Buy some Pepto-Mangan of your druggist. Begin taking it to-

day. You can get it in liquid or tablet form. Tell your druggist which you prefer. But to be certain that you get genuine Pepto-Mangan; ask for it by the full name—"Gude's Pepto-Mangan." Look for the name "Gude's" on the package. Adv.

## Masonic Election.

The following lodges in this county, besides the two reported last week, elected officers for the ensuing year, on December 27, 1920.

### BREEDING LODGE NO. 516.

L. Akin, Master.  
Austin Gilpin, S. W.  
J. A. Baker, J. W.  
G. W. Curry, Treas.  
Lenis Reece Secretary.  
L. A. Gilpin, S. D.  
Willie Curry, J. D.  
O. W. Roberts, Tyler.

### GRADYVILLE LODGE, No. 251.

W. M. Wilmore, Master.  
N. H. Moss S. W.  
Eugene Nell, J. W.  
Charley Whitlock, Treas.  
Edward R. Baker, Sec'y.  
J. R. Tutt, S. D.  
J. K. Yates, J. D.  
Clem Squires, Tyler.

### TAMPICO LODGE, No. 419

Tampico Lodge, elected the following officers.  
S. C. Hood, Master.  
W. R. Johnson, S. W.  
Geo. Rice, J. W.  
D. O. Eubank, Treas.  
E. W. Rice, Sec'y.  
T. R. Smith, Tyler.  
Senior and Junior Deacon's names did not reach us.

### HOOD LODGE No. 839.

This lodge selected the following officers for the ensuing year:  
Mont Wilson, Master.  
Joe Powell, S. W.  
W. N. Holt, J. W.  
J. A. Richards, Treasurer.  
Robt. Bailey, Secretary.  
S. I. Blair, S. D.  
W. P. Bryant, J. D.  
W. A. Roy, Tyler.

The funeral of Mr. J. W. Marshall will occur to-morrow.

## In Kentucky.

Robert Lee Campbell,  
Where does the summer sun shine brightest?  
In Kentucky.  
Where do the women lace the tightest?  
In Kentucky.  
Where are the winter rains the boldest?  
In Kentucky.  
Where are the damsels that are dullest?  
In Kentucky.  
Where do the horses run the fleetest?  
In Kentucky.  
Where do women smile the sweetest?  
In Kentucky.  
Where are cowards found the fewest?  
Where are the women who are truest?  
In Kentucky.

## Some Things To Be Desired For The New Year.

BY JESSE L. MURRELL  
By God's good help I would be true  
In all I think, and speak, and do;  
And live to honor His good name,  
And shun the paths that lead to shame.  
My purposes, may they be right,  
And for the good help me to fight;  
And keep myself in Thy pure love,  
And hunger most for things above.  
May I be humble as a child,  
In me forbid there should be guile,  
By grace, may I be pure in heart,  
And shield me from all hellish darts.  
May I have eyes to see the right,  
And for the good to bravely fight;  
To walk in paths of sweetest peace  
Until my journey here shall cease  
Then I shall find a sweeter home,  
Where I no more shall weep and mourn;  
But find in Thee sweet endless rest,  
And be in Thee forever blest.

THE NEWS is \$1.50 and \$2.00 per year. Send in our subscription at once.

## Ozark.

Christmas has passed and we have entered the New Year with the resolve to do all the good we can each day. Not to wait for big opportunity but to do the little things that will help others. We experienced a sad Christmas in this community. Last Monday afternoon Little Marvin Conover was killed. His remains were buried Tuesday. Wednesday morning the sad news of the death of Mrs. Milt Wolford, spread over the neighborhood. Funeral and burial Thursday.

Prof. Albert Bryant left Friday for Alabama where he is offered the principalship of a school. He said if he liked in every respect he would accept, if not satisfied he would return home.

Mr. Art Hurt of Dayton, O. is visiting in the community where he was reared.

Mr. Lucian Price who has been working in Illinois, for several months reached home for Christmas. Also Mr. Avery Blair is spending the holidays at home.

Mr. Buren Polly, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Polly, who has been in Illinois, several years is visiting his parents and many friends here.

Our young people had a few entertainments that I will endeavor to write up later, when I have more time. I must stop for the present by wishing the News and its many readers a Happy New Year.

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you told me of her people, I fear something may have happened to her."

"We'll hope for the best," said John Pendlehaven, rising. "Now if I run down for a wink or two will you lie quietly while I go?"

"Yes," came in a breath, and true to his word, Paul Pendlehaven scarcely breathed for a long while after his brother went out, although his heavy gray eyes stared at the breaking dawn. If anyone had told him a month ago, he could have longed for any human being as he now longed for Tony Devon, he wouldn't have believed it. He dreamed the day without her dear smile bending over him. Perhaps she would never come back. At that thought he groaned.

If he could only go to sleep. Only close his eyes—

His lids sank slowly down, and he slept fitfully. Mangled in his dream of Tony Devon came a sharp sound. That, like Tony, must be a dream, too, that sound that was out of the ordinary moans of the day, for although the sun had called into life the bees and birds, Ithaca still slumbered.

The noise came again, striking against his nervous brain and waking him. Suddenly, with panting breath and beating pulses, he lifted himself on his elbow. The screen had fallen from the window and perhaps ten seconds passed as he stared mutely at it. Then like a shot from a gun, Tony Devon sprang through the window into the room. For a moment the sick man gazed at her with mingled emotions. Something dreadful had happened to her. She was so white, so wan, Mike and changed, yet blotching the pallor of her face were reddish blue bruises. Then the bare feet took the distance between them in a bound. The dimples at the corners of her lips lived a moment and were gone.

When Paul Pendlehaven dropped back on the pillow, she spoke.

"Me and Gussie's back," she said brokenly. "I climbed up the tree and

ly believed. This she did tell the doctor between many sobs and tears.

"I'll never see her ever any more," she told him tremulously. "And if you'll let me, I'll live here forever and forever and take care of Doctor Paul."

"My brother can't get along without you, dear," he said, deeply touched. "If you had seen how he grieved last night, you wouldn't have made that remark."

"I know he likes me," said the girl, sighing, "and I love him. Why, I love him—"

She searched the man's face and caught his smile.

"Better than you do me?" he came in with.

"Yes," said Tonnibel, honestly, "but you next—" Then she thought of Philip, of the hours he had held her against his breast, of the kiss in the morning's dawn, and she fell into a bashful silence.

When Doctor Pendlehaven told Mrs. Curtis that Tony had returned, her face drew down in a sulky frown.

"But we needn't care," Katherine said afterward, "she doesn't bother us much. For my part I can't see how Cousin Paul stands her."

"John says Paul almost died last night," took up Mrs. Curtis. "I suppose she's one of the things we've got to stand in a house run by an old bachelor and a grieving widower."

"To say nothing of a father with a daughter lost somewhere in the world," supplemented Katherine.

"There's no danger of Caroline's returning after all these years," said Mrs. Curtis. "If—if—that girl hadn't come, Paul wouldn't have lived long. John told me so himself. I almost hoped that—"

"That he'd die?" interrupted Katherine, maliciously. "Well, to be truthful I have wished it many times. Cousin John would have to think of somebody else then. Perhaps he'd turn his attention to you, mother darling."

"He won't while Paul lives," sighed Mrs. Curtis. "I don't know just what to do. I've thought of every conceivable way to get that girl out of the house, and John forestalls me every time."

"I'm glad Philip hasn't seen her," remarked Katherine. "He's just the religious maudlin kind who would fall for an appealing face like hers." Mrs. Curtis made an impatient gesture, and Katherine proceeded, "We can't deny she is appealing, mamma, even if we hate her! And God knows I loathe her so I could strangle her with these two hands." She held up clenched fingers, then relaxed them and laughed bitterly. "Heavens! What's the use of butting our heads against a stone wall? . . . Give me a cigarette, my dear Sarah. Philip won't be here until night, and I can get rid of the odor before that."

Meanwhile upstairs Tony Devon was fast getting back to her normal self. The blessed assurance she had that she was needed by her sick friend lifted her spirits. She grieved inwardly for her mother, but shuddered when she thought of her father. Now all ties were cut between them. She had no doubt but that both Uriah and Reggie thought she was dead in the lake. She hoped they did! She'd never see either one of them again.

She was sitting thinking deeply when Paul Pendlehaven spoke to her. "Little dear," said he, reaching out his hand toward her, "come over a minute. I want to talk to you!"

Tonnibel went to him instantly, as she always did when he called her.

"You will promise me something," he insisted, as his hot hand clasped hers. "Tony, don't go out again like you did yesterday. I shan't be able to stand it if you do!"

Tonnibel's mind flashed to Philip. She felt sure he would go to the corner of the lake every day to meet her, as he had gone to the canal boat.

Yet as she gazed into the imploring eyes of her friend, she had no heart to deny him his wish.

"I'm selfish, perhaps," the man went on, "but, Tony dear, if you want to go out, there's lots of cars in the garage, and horses in the stable. Won't you promise me?"

Tony thrust the memory of Philip's face from her mind. She put the wish to be in his arms again, to feel his warm lips once more on hers behind her, and tremblingly smiled in acquiescence.

"I promise," she said in a low voice, but a sob prevented her from saying anything more.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### The Stoning.

Never before since he had taken up his work of redemption had Philip MacCauley found the hours so long and so difficult to live through. Day after day he canoed to the place Tony had promised to meet him, only to return to Ithaca more at sea than ever. He had the sickening idea that the girl he had grown to love was again in the clutches of her brute of a father and Reginald Brown.

Tony, too, began to lose the high spirits that had returned almost immediately after her escape from the canal boat. The gray eyes grew darkly circled, the lovely mouth seemed to have lost the power to smile.

Paul Pendlehaven noted all this with apprehension. He questioned the girl time after time, asking her if she felt well, if there was anything she wanted, but she always replied in the negative. One day after they had had their dinner, he sat looking at her curiously. She was close to the window reading a book, when he caused her to look up by calling her name.

"Run downstairs, Tony dear," he went on, "and tell my brother to come up here before office hours, will you, honey?"

The girl rose, laying aside her book.

She dreaded venturing into Mrs. Curtis' presence and shivered when she remembered the critical Katherine who looked her over with supercilious toleration whenever they happened to meet. But she made no complaint and went slowly downstairs.

The dining room door was closed, but the sound of voices from within told her the family was at dinner. She opened the door slowly and stepped inside. For one moment her vision was obscured by the fright that suddenly took possession of her. As the blur cleared from her eyes, she saw John Pendlehaven smiling at her. Then a sharp ejaculation from some one else swung her gaze from the doctor's face, and it settled on—Philip MacCauley.

She went extremely pale and put out her hand to grasp something for support as if she were going to fall. She saw him rise up slowly, an expression of amazement and relief going across his face. She smiled, but what a weary little smile it was and how full of pleading, as if she were silently begging him to forgive her for some deed she'd done.

John Pendlehaven gazed at the two young people, and then he too got to his feet.

"Philip," he said abruptly, "this is Tonnibel Devon. She's Paul's companion. We have—"

Philip interrupted the speaker by his sudden bound around the table. "Tony Devon, little Tony," he cried. "I thought, oh, I thought you were dead. I thought I'd lost you forever."

A noise fell from Katherine's lips, and Mrs. Curtis stumbled to her feet. "So you know her too, Philip," she snarled with a hasty glance at her pallid daughter. "I thought we'd kept her well out of your way. So you've played the sneak while eating bread and butter in my house, miss," she blurted at Tony. "Well, it's what one might have expected of you—you hussy."

"Mother!" gasped Katherine, as Tonnibel snatched her hands from Philip. "Kathie, you needn't 'mother' me!" cried Mrs. Curtis, blind with rage. "Either she goes away or I do. I won't stay in the house with a common sneak—a common—"

"Sarah, sit down," thundered John Pendlehaven. "Don't speak another such word or—"

Tony was at the doctor's side before he could finish his threat. "I didn't sneak," she said, looking up at him. "Oh, please—please believe me."

"That she didn't," cried Philip, coming to her side. "Cousin John, I've known Tony Devon ages, and I didn't even know she was in this house." He turned his flashing eyes upon Mrs. Curtis, who was weeping hysterically. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cousin Sarah," he went on, "to use such language to a perfectly nice little girl. Why, you're just about broken her heart."

His voice had sunk to a passionate whisper. His eyes misted in a youthful struggle to control his joy, and—and at the sight of him, Katherine lost her wits entirely.

"Who and what have we been harboring in this house, Cousin John?" she shrieked in a high thin voice, struggling to her feet. "A gutter rat, a little snake, a loose girl—"

Each word, brought out with greater vehemence and passion than the one before, struck the listeners dumb. In shame-faced misery, Tonnibel sank to the floor, dropping her head into her hands.

"Oh, no, I'm not that," she wailed. "My mummy never lived in the gutter; she never did. I was poor, awful poor—"

"Poor!" exclaimed Katherine. "You're worse than poor. I suppose you've wheedled Philip the same way you have Cousin Paul."

"Katherine, I command you to be silent," shouted Pendlehaven. "If you say another word, I shall ask you to leave my house."

"Well, I never!" screamed Mrs. Curtis.

"And you too, Sarah," thrust in the doctor. "We don't know the truth of this."

Philip looked from one to the other, wishing with all his heart he could say something that would clear the atmosphere.

"I'm sorry, Cousin Sarah," he said abruptly, trying to smile. "It certainly was awkward, wasn't it?"

"Awkward?" repeated Mrs. Curtis, wrinkling her face. "Awkward isn't the word, Philip. It was disgusting."

The gorge rose again in his throat. "Tonnibel Devon is the best girl I know," he asserted. "Poor little thing, I pity her with all my heart."

"Pity is akin to love, my dear Philip," sneered Mrs. Curtis.

"Mother!" cried Katherine. "Philip wouldn't so far forget himself and his friends and position as to love—well—if you can't keep your tongue still, go upstairs."

"You promised you'd never tell anybody," she murmured. Her mind was with the dead Edith Devon, and the words of her own serious reverent oath given in the presence of her wild-eyed mother would not allow her to

this thing, but I know very well that Tony Devon is not a bad girl."

"That she is not," interjected Philip. "Now I'll tell you all about it."

As John Pendlehaven raised her to her feet, Tonnibel lifted her head and fixed her tearful eyes on Captain MacCauley.

"You promised you'd never tell anybody," she murmured. Her mind was with the dead Edith Devon, and the words of her own serious reverent oath given in the presence of her wild-eyed mother would not allow her to

In Shame-Faced Misery Tonnibel Sank to the Floor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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INCORPORATED  
COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.



"Me and Gussie's Back," She Said Brokenly.

got to the roof, fearin' to wake up the other folks in the house." She sat down beside the bed. "Somehow I know you'd be lookin' for me, sir."

It was because she had passed through such a dreadful night and was so terribly tired that she cried a little as a child cries after it has been cruelly punished.

Paul Pendlehaven let his thin hand drop on the frowsy head. Tears stung his own lids like nettles.

"Dear child," he breathed, "dear pretty child, I've waited all night for you. My God, what's happened to you?"

Tony covered her face with her hands.

"Somebody beat me up," she moaned. "I can't tell anything now. And I lost my pretty clothes."

Sudden strength came to Paul Pendlehaven. He sat up straight and forcibly lifted the pitiful hurt face so he could look at it.

"Tony," he began gravely, "I command you to tell me what happened to you. Tell me instantly. If I knew, I could take steps to punish the ruffian who dared to do this thing."

"That was just what Tony didn't want. Hadn't she sworn to Edith in the presence of the Infinite Christ, that good Shepherd who had given up His life for His sheep, that no matter what Uriah did she wouldn't peach on him?"

The tears were still rolling down her cheeks from under lowered lids.

"You have so helped me, Tony," continued Pendlehaven, "and yet you refuse to let me do what I can."

She tried to think of something to comfort him.

"I sometimes daddies and husbands beat their women folks," she explained.

"Then your father whipped you?" quizzed the doctor.

"That I can't tell," said the girl. "Don't make me. . . . Oh, Lordy, I'm all tuckered out."

It was of no use to put questions any more, thought Pendlehaven. He was persuaded that her father had done this dreadful thing.

At eight o'clock, when Dr. John Pendlehaven softly entered the sick-room he found his brother in sound slumber, and Tony Devon, her face discolored with bruises, fast asleep in the chair by the bedside.

It was a stubborn Tony that faced Doctor John that morning. Adroitly he tried to draw from her the reason for her extreme paleness, for the dark marks stretched across her face, and the meaning of the shudders that suddenly attacked her.

"I can't tell," she reiterated in distress as she had to his brother. "Please don't ask me."

That her mother was dead, she firmly

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Thn day after prohibition agents raided Hurley. Wis., the water rates were advanced 50 per cent. The water company evidently thought the old toppers had to drink something and would take their spite out on water.

Only one more day to do your leap-yearling. Better get busy or you'll be left at the post.

Elk Brand Overalls.  
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Babe Good, 82, is dead in the Walnut Hill section of Casey.

### Hymn for the New Year

Come, let us anew  
Our journey pursue—  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear:  
His adorable will  
Let us gladly fulfill,  
And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream;  
Our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:  
The arrow is flown,  
The moment is gone:  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

O that each, in the day  
Of His coming, may say,  
"I have fought my way through;  
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."  
O that each from his Lord  
May receive the glad word,  
"Well and faithfully done!"  
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!"  
Charles Wesley

### Seven Sentence Sermons

MEAN to be something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

Doing what can't be done is the glory of living.—General Armstrong.

A bright New Year and a sunny track  
Along an upward way,  
And a song of praise on looking back,  
When the year has passed away;  
And golden sheaves, nor small, nor few!

This is my New Year's wish for you!  
—Anon.

If you tell the truth, you have infinite power supporting you; but if not, you have infinite power against you.—Charles George Gordon.

And let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to the which also ye were called in one body; and be ye thankful.—Col. 2, 15.

I asked the New Year for some message sweet,  
Some rule of life which to guide my feet;  
I asked, and passed; he answered,  
Soft and low,  
"God's will to know."  
—Anon.

What thou hast in store  
This coming year, I do not stop to ask;  
Enough, if day by day there dawns  
Before me  
My appointed task;  
I seek not great things,  
For I have learned how vain such seeking is,  
But let me seek Thy will, O King of kings,  
And find therein my bliss.  
—O. E. Fuller.

### BEGINNING A NEW YEAR.

Though we are apt to think that New Year's has been observed since the year one, such is not the case. In fact, there is no mention of the day as a Christian festival until the fifth century, and even now the Hebrews celebrate their New Year's in September, for their calendar is arranged according to the new moon, which makes New Year's a movable holiday. Today, however, there is scarcely a nation but observes this season of the year in some manner or other, though customs differ in most localities.

### A Resolution

To be patriots, rather than partisans; to win the peace by revising the idealism which won the war; to broaden our outlook and narrow our animosities; to carry into national and international affairs the maxims which guide gentlemen and gentlemen in their daily conduct; to practice thrift that we may be able to practice charity; to recognize that each of us is and always must be his brother's keeper; to work well that there may be plenty of goods in the world and think well that they may be rightly distributed; to go forward each day to a higher level of purpose and effectiveness, and live an one afraid of no man, and of whom no just man is afraid.  
—Chicago Journal

## THOUGHTS for the NEW YEAR

LOOK back and appraise the past year and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed un- wisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness—it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head and all the time like a blind child. Full of rewards and pleasures as it is—so that to see the day break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner call when he is hungry, fills him with a surprising joy—this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friends fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year he must thumb the hardly varying records of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment.

When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions about himself. There lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much; surely this may be his epitaph of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he

dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand; day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries—these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of time, but not time itself. Time is the life of the soul; if not this, then tell us what is time?—Longfellow.

The years—how they have passed! They are gone as clouds go on a summer day; they came, they grew, they rolled full-orbed; they waned, they died and their story is told. Years

that are wrought upon us in thought and deed with the force and power of eternity, years whose marks we shall carry forever, were dissolved like the dew and their work is finished.—Beecher.

The time which passes over our heads so imperceptibly makes the same gradual change in habits, manners and character as in personal appearance. At the revolution of every five years we find ourselves another and yet the

same; there is a change of views, and no less of the lights in which we regard them; a change of motives as well as of action.—Scott.

If you would climb to the high places, carry off the richest prizes, get the most enjoyment out of life, and have the sublimest old age, you must conquer the base elements of nature; you must have every atom of the dross of dishonesty squeezed, hammered, burned out, if necessary; you must become as sound as 24-carat gold, as true as best steel.—George K. Morris.

What is time? The shadow on the

## BIRTH of the NEW YEAR

People of New Zealand First to Give It Greeting

THE birth of the new year, as we are well aware, is variously celebrated, but how many people know of the manner in which the momentous date is set? Do you realize that the new year is really hours old before the great bulk of the civilized world is able to celebrate its arrival?

Priority in rejoicing over the event is actually given to the untutored inhabitants of the islands of the South Pacific. The first of the civilized world to greet 1921 was the people of the far away New Zealand. Sweeping westward, the change of date crossed Asia and then the old world of Europe and Africa before starting over the Atlantic to America. Onward it sped at the rate of a thousand miles an hour until the first day of the new year died away in the middle of the Pacific.

In the United States the idea of announcing broadcast over the land the birth of the new year originated with the officers in charge of the naval observatory in Washington. About 15 years ago it was suggested that the telegraph companies dispatch at midnight from Washington a series of signals proclaiming the exact moment of the new year's beginning. The idea was taken up and signals were sent out at midnight and at one, two and three o'clock in the morning following in order that each great time division of the United States should receive its own appropriate midnight signals from the capital.

The practice has now become fixed. The signals used are akin to those sent out each midday. These begin five minutes before the midnight hour by way of warning, and cover each second of the clock except the twenty-ninth, the last five of each of the first four minutes, and the last ten of the final minute. After this last long break there is a single prolonged contact, the beginning of which announces the exact instant of arrival of the new year.

Since the beginning of this service other telegraph and most of the cable

### A NEW YEAR IS NEAR.

"It's coming, boys,  
It's almost here;  
The grand New Year!  
A year to be glad in,  
Not to be sad in;  
A year to live in,  
To gain and give in;  
A year for trying,  
And not for sighing;  
A year for striving,  
And hearty thriving;  
A bright New Year,  
Oh! hold it dear;  
For God, Who sendeth,  
He only lendeth."

### QUEER NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.

Volumes might be written upon the queer customs and curious superstitions connected with New Year's day. Literature is full of them, grave historians have preserved them for us, and versatile poets decked them with fairest flowers of fancy. From Chaucer, Sweet Spring of English Song, from Spencer and Herrick, Milton and Shakespeare, down to the humblest magazine rhymes of today—one and all—they have paid tribute. A wise essayist describes the day as "a peak on Darien, from which two oceans may be seen. Into one we look with sadness and regret, into the other, with hope and faith."

Onions Foretell Wet Months.  
Take 12 onions, cut them into halves, hollow them out and fill with salt. Those in which the salt completely dissolves indicate the wet months of the coming year.

## THE GOOD NEW YEAR

EMORY J. HAYNES  
In the Boston Globe

IT WAS foretold forty years ago. The New Year shall be a good one. This is the story of the prophecy. It depends upon you to believe it.

Forty years ago a lone skater upon the glassy surface of a lake in northern New England celebrated his solitary holiday. At the far end of his ten-mile dash he rested in the moon-day sun, sitting at the base of a towering cliff.

He was a stonemason's apprentice, a mere boy workman. He habitually carried his steel chisel in his pocket. Climbing high, and with much hazard, up the face of the towering rocks, he cut this legend in the face of the mountain:

"The New Year Will Be Good."

The bold lettering is visible for miles. The lake in summer is a favorite resort of pleasure parties. Each year thousands of eyes have spelled out the cheery monograph, while boats passed, and many a hearty laugh has rung with a heartier joy as old and young have approved the sculptured promise.

It will long endure, for the steel cut deep, and the mountain will not remove, nor the pretty lake pass away. The boy did not date it. Fortunately so, for that makes it fit every year and every reader. Why not for a century to come?

A thousand times the question has been asked: "Who wrote it?" And no one knew. So it seemed some eternal truth of nature that the very rocks had miraculously inscribed upon themselves.

It was true to anyone who would take the trouble to lift his eyes and read it. In storms the snow silences the lettering. In sun the words gleamed with lines of living light. A sentence, by no means elegant, but crude and boyish rather. Yet what rhetoric could add to the abrupt and simple prophecy from a hopeful, healthy spirit?

The New Year was to be just plain "good." Was that enough? Is it not enough for us all? One good to you, another good to me, still another

## THE NEW YEAR WILL BE GOOD

good to others. But always to all who will grasp it, written on the very face of the turning globe, the next year will be "good."

Last summer a wealthy visitor at the lakeside hotel drew the proprietor to the corner of the veranda, and lifting his glasses, asked: "Do you see those letters on the rocks? Aren't the boy who cut them, January 1, 1847. You seem glad to know the author. I never revealed the fact. Why should I?"

"It is not because I said it that it is true. No matter who says it, on a Happy New Year the New Year will be good. It is true in itself. Happy the man or boy who says it, who feels it, and who will have it so."

"The mere freak of a moment, yet somehow later I awoke to the fact that I had written a life creed on my heart out of the hopefulness and daring of a boy."

Let us take the hope and courage of youth as the truth of this latest of our years. The New Year must be good. We will make it good. Can you not see those lettered cliffs? No visitor ever was dull to their magic spell, and many have read them through grateful tears.

### SLEIGHBELLS JINGLE.

Hear the moaning and the growling of the winter breeze; Old Year's dying—hear him sighing, listen to him wheeze! Weary Willie is quite chilly in his threadbare coat; this cold weather altogether gets his lip-chill goat. Old Br'er Rabbit's wary habits now avail him not; bounds are telling by their yelling that the trail is hot. See the fuel fight a duel with your next week's pay; watch your meter and the heater steal your heart away! You remember last September, August and July? Sun was shining, you were whining, vowing you would die! You were praying for some sleighing; crying for some ice; now it's freezing, quit your sneezing; yell, and say "Ho! ho!"



Continued from Page 1.

with a daily production of from 20 to 40 barrels. One well was 450 feet in depth and the other two were 700 feet. The remainder of this group of wells were located in the eastern part of the county, in the vicinity of one of the wells drilled in 1868, but no definite data regarding these wells is obtainable at this time. With no pipe line facilities in the field, excessive cost of marketing the product, and the low price then prevailing for Oil, it did not look very encouraging to continue development work, so the field was abandoned. After a lapse of nearly twenty years, drilling activities have been resumed in the county, particularly in the southern part on both sides of Cumberland River, and some very promising wells have been struck there within the past few months. The McMeed Oil Company, of Jamestown and Louisville, were the first to make a "Strike" in 1920; they have completed four fine wells on the farm of Chas. and John Campbell, located about one mile from Creelsboro, on the south side of the River, and a short distance from the "Old Gabbert Well". Two of these wells flowed a considerable quantity of Oil before being properly capped, one of them spouting some sixty feet high, a picture of which is shown in this issue. These wells are about 245 feet deep, and they were drilled for the McMeed Company by the Beacon Oil Syndicate, of Chicago, under the direct and personal supervision of Dr. J. W. Goggin, a Trustee and General Manager of the Syndicate. On the same farm and in close proximity to the McMeed wells the Beacon Oil Syndicate have brought in two fine wells, one at a depth of 600 feet and another at 229 feet, the latter being one of the very best of the 1920 group of wells. These two wells were also drilled under the direction of Dr. Goggin. Just across Cumberland River, almost due north of these wells, the J. E. Carnahan Oil Company, Canton, Ohio, struck fine pay on the Cyrus Campbell farm at a depth of 230 feet. About one mile north of this well the latter company has three good wells at 400 feet, on the A. C. Coffey farm. None of the wells referred to in this group have as yet been pumped, so it is not possible to give an intelligent estimate of the capacity of them, but they are all good ones, and active preparations are in progress for the pumping of these wells. The McMeed Company and the Beacon Syndicate, jointly, are constructing a pipe line from their tanks to Cumberland River, less than half a mile away, for the purpose of delivering their product by gravity to barges on the River, this means of transportation to be resorted to for the present in the absence of pipe line facilities. This completes the wells actually completed in the Creelsboro field. The Beacon people are drilling well No. 3. on the Campbell Bros. farm, and the Carnahan people have two rigs drilling on the Cy. Campbell farm. In addition to these operations, the Day Oil Company, of Lexington, Ky., together with the Alpha Leasing and Drilling Syndicate, Inc., Covington, Ky., are drilling on the Williams farm, adjoining the Campbell Bros. production. The

Mutual Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., are drilling in Clinton county, just over the Russell county line, and about one mile from the wells referred to above. The Daniel Boone Company are reported to have a rig at Burnside enroute to the Creelsboro field. The Sheridan interests have one rig at work on Pumpkin creek, a few miles up the river, and another rig of same parties has just been placed ready for work a little lower down the River near Rowena. This comprises the operations now going on in the county, but several others are making active preparations to begin work there at the earliest possible date.

#### OIL NEWS.

[BY E. T. KEMPER.]

The New Year finds oil operations in this section going ahead uninterrupted, and present indications are good for some interesting things to happen in connection with the business here in 1921.

Mr. O. C. Fink, representing the Armstrong Drilling Machine Company, Waterloo, Iowa, is back from a trip to Burnside and Russell county, where he went for the purpose of delivering one of their modern rigs to Mr. T. A. Sheridan. The new rig is now ready for work on a location near Rowena, Russell county.

Messrs. Richardson & Goff, the well-known operators of this city, and who are in charge of the affairs in this section of the Southern Oil & Refining Company, Denver, report they have three large steel tanks of 1,000 barrels total capacity on the Russ Gilbert farm, Bakerton, and they are laying a two inch pipe line to Cumberland river. They are also negotiating with the boat people, operating on the river, to transport their products to market, and they expect to be delivering oil within the next thirty days. Six additional wells will be drilled on the Gilbert lease without delay.

It is reliably reported that a certain well-known and extensive operator from an adjoining state, and who has some valuable holdings in this territory, will arrive soon to make Columbia his headquarters, while looking after drilling operations in this section. The gentleman referred to is a man of means, and he is also a man of the highest type.

Mr. Geo. H. Palmer, president of the Palmer Oil Company, left the latter part of the week on a visit of several days to Cleveland, where he will combine business with home affairs, and he will return as soon as it is possible to complete his arrangements.

The J. E. Carnahan Oil Company now have two drilling rigs working on the Cy Campbell farm, Creelsboro, where they drilled in a fine well recently, and they are expecting to be able to report two more good wells there within the next few days.

The Day Oil Company, Lexington, in connection with the Alpha Leasing & Drilling Syndicate, Inc., Covington, Ky., are drilling on well No. 1 on the Gran Williams farm, located on the south side of Cumberland River, near Creelsboro.

Mr. Bee Whitis, Somerset, Ky., who has been general field manager in Kentucky for the J. E. Carnahan Oil Company, is now operating in this field on an independent basis. He is arranging to make this city his field headquarters, and he expects to push development work to the limit. Mr. Whitis is a strong believer in the possibilities of this section proving to be a great oil field.

Mr. W. F. Coast, Cincinnati, one of the pioneer and prominent operators of the country, who has some valuable leases in the Creelsboro field, was here during the past week making preliminary arrangements for drilling in this territory at an early date.

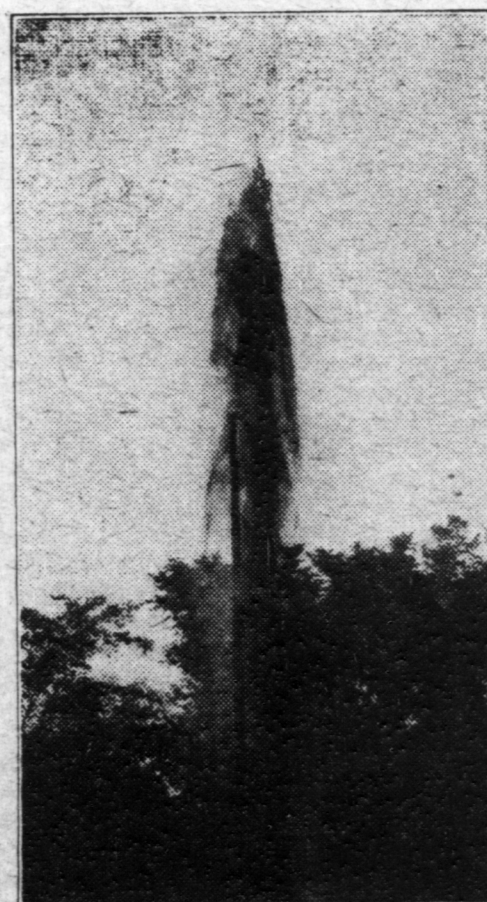
The Sheridan drilling operations on Pumpkin Creek, near Jamestown, are progressing as rapidly as conditions will permit, and a good report is expected from there daily. Another rig is reported to be at Burnside ready to be shipped by boat to a location on the Cumberland River at a point between Creelsboro and Rowena.



The Famous "Old Burning Well."

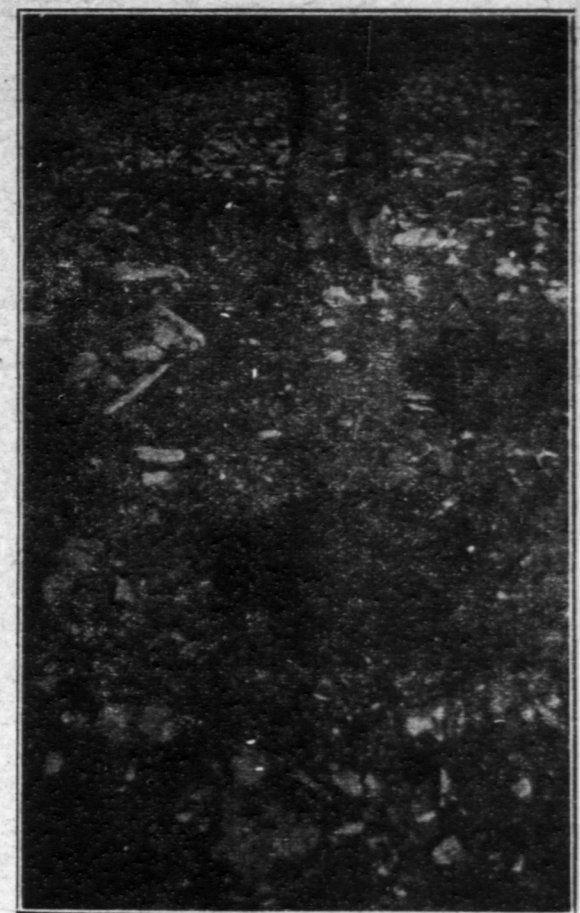
[E. T. KEMPER.]

The "Old Burning Well," shown in the photo above, was located in Cumberland county, Ky., in Salt Lick Bend, near Cloyd's Landing, and at a point about seven miles on a straight line from Burkesville. It was drilled in the year 1902 by the Greensburg Oil Company, of Greensburg, Penn. The men shown in the photo were members of the company. Reading from left to right, are Messrs. I. N. Boarts, Bennett, D. E. McQuade, Lowry, Sr., and Lowry, Jr. The first pay oil sand was struck at a depth of about 600 feet, and the flow of oil was something wonderful. After the well had flowed for several days, during which time it is estimated thousands of barrels were wasted, the oil caught on fire and it was impossible to extinguish the flames until a special apparatus for putting out the fire was rushed to the scene from Pittsburg. Reports say thousands of barrels of oil were burned while the fire lasted, and the sight of an immense cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night, visible for miles in every direction, created so much excitement that people from all the surrounding country flocked to the scene. After the fire was gotten under control the well continued to flow for three weeks, and it then pumped, according to reports, some 250 barrels daily for a period pumping was continued and after the lapse of two years the well began to show signs of giving out, and deeper drilling was resorted to in the hope of "striking" an other oil bearing sand, but a strong stream of "Blue Lick" water was encountered, and the well was rendered worthless. The first real oil well recorded in Cumberland county was drilled in the year 1829, and ever since that period "strikes" have been made there from time to time.



McMeed Oil Company well No. 2, spouting oil sixty feet in the air. This well was drilled on the farm of Campbell Bros., Creelsboro, Russell county, in the spring of 1920. It is 245 feet deep, and the oil tests 42 to 45 gravity. It has not yet been pumped with enough regularity to warrant a true estimate of its production, but it is a great well.

All drilling rigs operating in the county are making satisfactory progress, and encouraging formations are being encountered in every section. So far, no wells have been completed, but it is confidently expected we will have some good "strikes" in the local field at no distant date.



Oil seepage on the Old Wooten farm, located on Harrod's Fork creek, near Dirigo post office, Adair county, Ky. This seepage has been plainly visible for nearly fifty years, and oil can still be obtained there at any time.



Bailing oil from the Old McCaffree well on the Moss farm, drilled in 1866, Adair county, Kentucky. The Palmer Oil & Gas Company, Columbia, who have the Moss farm leased, expect to begin drilling operations there at an early date.

they expect to install a regular Standard drilling rig, such as is used in the western and other big fields of the country, and they will then be prepared to go any reasonable depth. The exact location of the big operations is not yet given out, but it will be near Columbia. Messrs. A. T. and F. C. Lowe, drillers for the company, are western operators of wide experience, having been connected with some of the largest operations in Oklahoma, and they are well fitted for the work attending the operating of a Standard rig.

Mr. J. B. Doolittle, who is temporarily located here looking after his drilling operations on Cedar Creek, has gone to Worcester, New York, to spend the holiday season with his family. He will return here early in January.

Another fine well has just been drilled in by Richardson & Goff for the Southern Oil & Refining Company, at Bakerton, this being the fourth good strike there within the past few months. The new well is 170 feet in depth, and a phone message from the field men, soon after the well was brought in, reported the flow of oil so strong they could not control it.

Mr. G. A. Roy, Nicholasville, Ky., president and general manager of the Roy Petroleum Company, is spending a few days in Adair looking after their drilling operations on Damron's Creek. The outlook for a good well there soon is very encouraging.

Well No. 1 of the Gartlan Oil & Gas Company, on the Cooper farm, Sulphur Creek, some eight miles south of Burkesville, Cumberland county, is reported drilled in a few days ago, and it is said to be producing a large volume of superior Oil.

The production of crude Oil in the State of Kentucky for the year 1920 will aggregate 8,750,000 barrels, according to the latest estimates of Oil experts who are in a position to know the facts.

The Bagdad Oil Company, Chicago and New York, are drilling on the Ed Campbell farm, a few miles east of Creelsboro, Russell county, on the north side of Cumberland river.

Oil men with their families are flocking into Columbia and Jamestown so fast it is a problem to know where to locate them. No houses for rent in either of the towns named, and building is not keeping pace with the demand.

## MAPS

We are Headquarters for Complete Maps of the "Tri-County" Territory.

We have in stock and offer for Sale the following:

New and Up-to-date Blue Print Map of Russell County. Size 20x24 inches. Scale 1 1/2 Miles 1 inch : : : \$2.50

Elaborate Map of Cumberland County. Size 22x27 inches. Scale 1 Mile 1 inch : : \$2.50

Up-to-date Blue Print Farm Map of the great Creelsboro Field, Issued January 1, 1921 \$2.00

Any of the above mailed promptly upon receipt of Price.

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